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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(From the "Times," June 24.)

An Italian version of *Carmen*, the last opera composed by Georges Bizet, was produced on Saturday night in a highly effective manner, and with a success as well deserved as it was complete. Born in Paris 25th October, 1838, the career of Bizet was comparatively a brief one. He died at Bougival on the 3d of June, 1875, exactly three years after his most carefully-considered opera had been given to the Parisian public. In an early period of his artistic career, though at the Conservatoire he had studied composition under Halévy (one of whose daughters he married), and harmony with no less stolid a conservative than Zimmermann, obtaining the second "*grand prix de Rome*" in 1856, and the first a year later, Alexandre César Léopold Bizet ("Georges" being only a *nom de plume*) became impregnated with certain of the doctrines of Richard Wagner, and their exemplification in music, to such an extent that he declared war against everything appertaining to the established form of lyric drama, and especially that form recognized, time out of mind, as "*opéra comique*"—contemptuously styling the works of Boieldieu (composer of *La Dame Blanche*), and Auber (composer of *La Muette de Portici*), "*de la musiquette*." In his first two important operas, brought out, under the direction of M. Carvalho, at the Théâtre Lyrique—*Les Pêcheurs de perles* (September, 1863), and *La Jolie Fille de Perth* (December, 1867)—this leaning was strongly perceptible, in a serious degree militating against their success—though in the latter, the subject of which was taken by the indefatigable M. Saint-Georges and one of his several coadjutors from the well known romance of Sir Walter Scott, even critics adverse to the theories and practice of the composer found many things unreservedly to eulogize in the second act and elsewhere. It is curious that a musician destined to be the most implacable adversary of everything belonging to the *genre* "*opéra comique*," high or low, should in 1857 have come forward one of the successful competitors for the honour of appearing as composer of a *lever de rideau* at the Bouffes-Parisiens, then directed by the since popular Offenbach, who had suggested the contest. The piece was entitled *Le Docteur Miracle*. There were no fewer than 78 aspirants, six being first picked out from the rest, and the jury ultimately deciding in favour of Charles Lecocq and Georges Bizet. Both settings were heard at the Bouffes—Lecocq's first, Bizet's on the night succeeding; but neither appears to have created a lively impression. After the quasi-failure of *La Jolie Fille de Perth*, Bizet tried to console himself by writing a symphony, "*Les Souvenirs de Rome*" in the orthodox manner; but he never contrived to finish it, although two movements were played at the Concerts Populaires, and favourably received. His one act piece, *Djamileh*, written for the Opéra-Comique (1872) in a style which frequenters of that theatre failed to appreciate, was no success. The music composed for Alphonse Daudet's drama, *L'Arlésienne*, with which we in England have made acquaintance in the guise of an orchestral *suite*, obtained and merited general approval. Meanwhile, although his first ambitious essays were at the Opéra-Lyrique, Bizet, whose Wagnerian tendencies were beginning to wax less uncompromising, had always entertained an inward desire to win distinction at the Théâtre Feydeau (without, naturally, condescending to manufacture "*de la musiquette*"), and, having received a commission from the director of that establishment, he thus communicates the glad news to his intimate friend and adviser, M. Edmond Galabert*:—"On vient de me commander trois actes à l'Opéra-Comique. Meilhac et Halévy font ma pièce. Ce sera gai, mais d'une gaieté que permet le style, &c." M. Galabert makes this reflection:—"Ces trois actes de Meilhac et Halévy seraient-ils *Carmen*?" Who can doubt it?—notwithstanding that the three acts were—unnecessarily, in our opinion, the incidents of the drama borne in mind—spread out into four? At any rate, *Carmen* was brought out at the Opéra-Comique on the 3rd of March, 1875, with Madame Galli-Marié as Carmen and Mdlle Chapuy—who will be favourably remembered at Her Majesty's Opera, when Mr Mapleson was in Drury Lane—as Michaela. The success at the outset was contested by some, though unconditionally claimed by others—the majority. Subsequent performances removed all doubt, and the triumph of those inclined to rank Bizet among the young composers upon whose progressing career

* Georges Bizet.—"Souvenirs et Correspondance."

the lyrico-dramatic school of France materially depended, was matter of fact. Before long, indeed, we find more than one critic of acknowledged impartiality, as well as of ripe judgment, predicting that the opera would be classed among the best ever contributed to the modern repertory of the Théâtre Favart, and auguring for its composer a bright future—for which, nevertheless, he was unhappily not destined.

What will be the English appreciation of *Carmen*—we refer particularly to the libretto—remains to be seen. Whether the famous romance of Prosper Mérimée was a source to explore for personages, incidents, and situations that could effectively be used for the purposes of lyric drama, is a question at least worth considering. MM. Meilhac and Halévy have done as much with the materials at disposal as could be expected from librettists of long experience and skill; but the utmost in their power was to present us with one strikingly conspicuous figure. The opera of *Carmen* is Carmen herself, or "*Carmencita*," as her familiars love to style her—a gipsy of the wildest and most impulsive nature, who first invites, then disdainfully repudiates, her lovers, till in the sequel, caught in her own toils, she meets with a tragic end. The marked individuality of this somewhat mysterious heroine, whose beauty, in spite of her irregular behaviour, her contempt for social conventionalities, and her utter heartlessness, fascinates every one who comes within reach of her spells, is sustained with characteristic vivacity from beginning to end; but the remaining characters are little better than abstractions. The first of Carmen's lovers with whom we become acquainted is Don José, a brigadier in the Spanish army, to whom she acts with a cruelty little short of demoniacal, and whose jealousy brings about the final catastrophe. Don José, however, is not greatly to be pitied, seeing that he is betrothed to another, by whom he is sincerely beloved, and who, though but a peasant-girl, is, to all seeming, worth a life of devotion. His attachment to Michaela is forgotten as soon as he has cast eyes upon the irresistible gipsy, into whose snares he speedily falls, and, despite occasional resolutions, urged by the solicitations of Michaela, to escape from them, as speedily returns. Wholly enthralled by the charms of this strange and wilful creature—after various incidents superfluous to dwell upon, including, among others, the compromise of his obligations as a soldier—he is persuaded by Carmen to desert and become an associate of vagabond gipsies and smugglers keeping out of the reach of the law. But no sooner has he submitted to this sacrifice of honour and manhood than the pretended love of Carmen begins to fade, and, instead of caressing, she loses no opportunity of insulting him. Here we are introduced to the other of Carmen's suitors with whom we have to deal, in the person of Escamillo, a toreador, of whom, though his only recommendation, so far as we can understand, is that, having vanquished bulls in the arena, he is proportionately muscular, our heroine has become passionately enamoured. Between the sentimental and the muscular aspirants a quarrel might be logically anticipated; and, in fact just as Don José is about to plunge his weapon into the breast of Escamillo, Carmen, interposing, averts the doom of the new hero of her field choice; whereupon Escamillo invites the whole company to an approaching bull-fight in the circus, an invitation to which, before all, Carmen joyfully assents, leaving Don José in unspeakable despair. Not to be outdone, however, Don José himself attends the bull-fight, mingling among the crowd, and Carmen is warned of the fact. Fearless, nevertheless, and as usual defiant, she meets Don José outside the arena, and while rejoicings for the triumph of Escamillo, who has again vanquished a bull, are heard from the circus, a long and impassioned dialogue ensues. Obdurate to all the solicitations of the man she has seduced, betrayed, and abandoned, Carmen, as a last mark of disdain, snatches from her finger a ring that had been his gift, and contemptuously throws it at his feet. This is the culminating point. "*Fanfares*" of trumpets and exclamations of the people announce the approach of the victorious toreador, to meet his reward in the felicitations of his mistress. At the moment, however, when Escamillo is on the point of arriving, Don José, after a final vain appeal, exasperated to fury, stabs her, and then, falling on her prostrate body, exclaims, "*Oh! mia Carmen, mia Carmen adorata!*" The other characters who, if subordinate, have, nevertheless, something to do with the story, are Dancaïro and Remendado, two leading smugglers; Zuniga, an officer, also captivated by the charms of Carmen; Frasquita and Mercedes, gipsies attached to the heroine.

The scene of all this is laid in Spain, at or near Seville; and what an occasion was thus afforded to a composer of original fancy, may easily be understood. That the regretted French musician from whom so much, and with good reason, was expected, took full advantage of the material at his disposal, has not only been recognized in his own country but elsewhere. At Vienna, at Brussels, and other musical cities, for instance, *Carmen* has succeeded, and this despite certain weaknesses in the construction of a libretto which, notwithstanding a prevalent dramatic interest hardly to be questioned, might have been still more closely knit. That Bizet threw himself heart and soul into the task before him is evident. He has admirably caught what is termed "local colour"—a conventional phrase, if we please, but a good phrase all the same, because lending itself to a definite meaning. Examples of this may be found in every one of the four acts, spirited and characteristic examples, moreover, beginning with the first and not least charming—the "Habanaise" ("Avanera") "L'Amour est un oiseau rebelle" ("Amor misterioso," in the Italian version), borrowed, if we remember well, from Iradier's *Album des Chansons Espagnoles*, to which the composer has added orchestral accompaniments not less original than refined. This, the air which Carmen, attired in the costume and furnished with the flowers indicated by Merimée, first sings, and by means of which she attracts the attention of Don José, reveals the entire character of the heroine. It is not our intention at present, however, to discuss from a critical point of view the music of Bizet, which, during the course of four acts, includes 27 numbers. The subject well deserves a notice apart: and a second hearing of the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre will give a favourable opportunity for entering more or less into details. The performance on Saturday calls for little else than praise. In her impersonation of Carmen, Miss Minnie Hauk, who wisely adopts the reading of Madame Galli-Marié, therein showing her perfect comprehension of the character, has added another to her legitimately-earned successes in this country. She is the wild, uncontrollable "Bohemienne" to the life, and shows herself intimately familiar with the music, which, though everywhere characterized by vigour and *entrain*, is not always over-accommodating to the voice of however practised a singer. Mlle. Valeria is a gentle and engaging Michaela; Signor Del Puente a vocally-competent, if not too formidable Toreador; and Signor Campanini an excellent Don José, acting quite up to the mark in the final and most impressive scene. The two gipsies and two smugglers who come prominently forward are respectively well represented by Mesdames Robiati and Bauermeister, Signors Grazi and Rinaldini. To conclude, no opera in our remembrance has been upon the stage more skilfully or with more of the desired completeness at Her Majesty's Theatre than *Carmen*. The subject was new, the scene picturesque; and of each opportunity full advantage has been taken, scenery, costumes, ballet, and stage accessories being all that could be desired. Last, not least, the orchestra and chorus, under the experienced direction of Sir Michael Costa, took every care to ensure a good result; and those who know how responsible a task Bizet has given them, will understand that its successful achievement merits no stilted praise.

[Georges Bizet's opera, repeated on Thursday night, more than confirmed the good impression made on the first occasion. The *Carmen* of Minnie Hauk is simply and purely a masterpiece.—D.P.]

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(From the "Times," June 24.)

The opera on Saturday night at this theatre was the *Huguenots*, in which Mlle Cepeda, whose success in *Lucrezia Borgia* has been noticed on two occasions, undertook a character still more trying than that of Donizetti's heroine. The part of Valentine has been the ambition of every great dramatic singer from the time of Mme Pauline Viardot, who was the first to essay it, when, more than thirty years ago, an Italian version of Meyerbeer's great masterpiece was originally produced at Covent Garden. We have had several Valentines, of more or less ability, since then, but only two—Giulia Grisi and Theresa Tietjens—to compare with her. Now, when it was thought that *prima donna* of that calibre had gone by, Mr Gye has been fortunate enough to meet

with a new one, unexpectedly, in Mlle Cepeda, whose antecedents were spoken of but recently. We can merely state at present that she pleased even more as Valentine than as Lucrezia, and that in the two great duets—the one with Marcel (Signor Ordinas), in the scene of the *Pré aux Clercs*, the other with Raoul (Signor Gayarre) in that which immediately follows the "Benediction of the Swords"—she was equally successful in rousing the enthusiasm of her audience. The only other novelty in the cast was the Urbain of Mlle Anna di Pelecca, who sang both her airs—"Nobil Signor" and "No, no, no"—with the utmost taste, and with much and well-earned applause. This young lady has a rich and agreeably-toned voice, added to genuine vivacity and a very prepossessing appearance. To-night, after nine years' silence, Meyerbeer's gorgeous *Prophète* is to be revived.

(From the "Times," June 25.)

The *Prophète* was represented last night before a crowded audience, with all the scenic splendour to which we have been accustomed at this establishment whenever any of the four grand "spectacular" operas of Meyerbeer may be in request. By these it is hardly requisite to state are intended *Robert*, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, and the *Africaine*, all originally brought out at the Paris Grand Opera—the first in 1831, the second in 1836 (same year as Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St Paul*—like the opera of his contemporary and friend, still as young and fresh as at its birth); the third in 1849; the fourth in 1865, a year after the death of its composer. To these might be added *L'Étoile du Nord* (1854), had not that work been expressly written for the Opéra-Comique. The *Prophète* and the *Africaine* seem to have occupied Meyerbeer's attention more seriously and for a longer period of time than any of his most ambitious efforts. They were contemplated very shortly after the production of the *Huguenots*, and years upon years were devoted to modifications and changes—radical changes not seldom—until the master could feel entirely satisfied with his labour. Difficulties, moreover, stood in his way with regard to the singers who should be entrusted with the leading parts in either opera. And so the *Prophète* and the *Africaine* progressed slowly in the solitude of Meyerbeer's own thoughts, while the musical public of Europe were incessantly enquiring about one or the other:—"When are we to hear the *Africaine*?—when the *Prophète*?"—the *Africaine*, we believe, having been projected before its companion. The *Prophète*, nevertheless, first saw the light of the lamps—at the Paris Grand Opera, then the "Théâtre de la Nation," on the 16th of April, 1849, with Mme Pauline Viardot Garcia in the important character of Fides, Roger, the previously cherished tenor of the Opéra-Comique, as John of Leyden, and the not forgotten Mme Castellan as Bertha. Its cordial reception in the French capital induced Mr Gye to bring out an Italian version of the opera at Covent Garden, July 24 of the same year, with Mme Viardot, the original (afterwards succeeded in Paris by the celebrated contralto, Alboni), as Fides, Catherine Hayes as Bertha, and Mario as the Prophet. Many amateurs must still vividly recall this brilliant first performance of so elaborate a work under the direction of Mr (now Sir Michael) Costa—a performance which conferred special honour upon all who took part in it. Though introduced so late in the season, the new opera was a town talk; and how it became a stock piece in the Covent Garden repertory, remaining so until the old theatre was destroyed by fire, in February, 1856, after the never-to-be-forgotten "Carnival Benefit" of the "Wizard of the North," need not be said. The scenery, costumes, and other properties belonging to the *Prophète* having been utterly destroyed, it was not till 1860, two years afterwards, when, through the indomitable energy of Mr Gye, a new theatre had sprung up, like Aladdin's palace, that the *Prophète* could be revived. That it was revived, and with the same scenic magnificence as in the earlier time, is well known. On this occasion Tamberlik (*vice* Mario) was John of Leyden, Madame Rose Caillag (the old rival of Tietjens at Vienna), Fides, and Mlle Corbari, Bertha. Other representatives of Fides had been heard between that year and the nine years following, when the opera was performed in 1869, under the joint direction of Messrs Gye and Mapleson, with Tietjens as Fides, the late Mongini as John of Leyden, Mlle Sinico as Bertha, and, (Sir Michael Costa having seceded from his post) Signor Li Calsi assumed the duties of conductor. Since then the *Prophète* has not been heard at Covent

Garden, and its revival was all the more welcome, inasmuch as it came back freshly and strongly.

The performance last night, under the direction of Signor Vianesi, if not inducing us to forget past times, was in many respects highly effective. The gorgeous spectacle was there as of old; but this at Covent Garden will be taken for granted. It would be difficult, indeed, to surpass the splendour of the scene in the interior of Münster Cathedral, which initiates the coronation of the Impostor; or that of the Camp, when, with feigned inspiration, he urges on his followers to triumph; or that where Scribe, putting history aside, makes his hero, instead of dying in slow tortments at Münster, set fire to his palace, and, Sardanapalus-like, perish, with all his companions (including Fides, his devoted mother), in the flames. As regards the cast of the leading personages we are unable to speak with unreserved commendation. Madame Scalchi, irreproachable in many of her parts, and whose Leonora, in *La Favorita*, has been so justly praised, seems hardly to realize the spirit that should animate Fides. She, in fact, attempts too much, and is not successful in proportion to her zeal. This was especially remarkable in the scene at the cathedral, where Fides, in the false Prophet who has just been consecrated, recognizes her own son. Here the intention was good, but the action was overdone and too much vehemence was imparted to the expression of the sentiments by which Fides is moved. There is time enough, however, for Mdme Scalchi to reconsider her general view of the character; and as she invariably shows intelligence, there can be little question about her making good use of it. Signor Gayarre is, perhaps, as competent a representative of the Prophet as could now be easily found. He looks the character well, acts with earnestness, and enters thoroughly into the significance of the music, which, but for a slight tendency here and there to exaggerated emphasis, he would sing as well as could possibly be desired. Owing to the indisposition of Mdle Bertelli, the part of Bertha was taken at short notice by the always ready and versatile Mdle Smeroschi, for whom, being herself indisposed, the indulgence of the audience was requested in a printed circular. This necessitated some important curtailments, which, by the way, were not the only curtailments that might be named. The late hour at which the performance came to an end precludes further observations just now, and we have only to add that the re-appearance of the *Prophète*, with its stirring incidents, its varied scenic effects, and, above all, its spirited, tuneful, and characteristic music, would have been welcome even under less favourable circumstances. The performance by the orchestra of the magnificent march in the scene of the Coronation was alone worth a visit to the theatre.

CARMEN.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Spain is a country inhabited by gipsies, smugglers, bull-fighters, and muleteers, on whom a semblance of order is imposed by soldiers only a little less undisciplined than the rest of this gaudily attired, recklessly behaved population. The military have a disastrous habit of falling in love with the bright-eyed daughters of the gipsy tribes, some of whom, like Carmencita or Carmen, the prettiest girl in Seville, make a pretence of earning a livelihood by working in the great cigar manufactory of the place. The cigar manufactory of Seville is an establishment which no one who has read Prosper Mérimée's description of it in the charming tale on which the opera of *Carmen* is founded, can forget. But description and reflection count for very little in drama, especially drama prepared for musical setting; and of Mérimée's literary art there is no trace in the ingenious and highly coloured, highly characteristic libretto for which the Spanish tale of *Carmen*—worthy pendant to the Corsican tale of *Colomba*, from the same pen—has served as groundwork. Carmen makes a much freer use of the dagger than does the innocent *Colomba* of the stiletto. Corsican young ladies of good birth and breeding reserve the stiletto for great occasions, and meanwhile wear it in their stays in lieu of what used to be called a "busk." But the gipsy and gipsified girls of the cigar manufactory at Seville are ready with the dagger at any instant's notice and on the smallest provocation. Thus the playful Carmen, having had a quarrel with one of her young friends, has appealed to what Mérimée assures us is the *ultima ratio* of the Sevillian cigar-girl, and has stabbed her antagonist. But the blow, however well aimed, was merely the expression of a little momentary pique; and Carmen, when immediately afterwards she appears on the stage, shows herself petulant and wilful but not

malicious. Already she has had an opportunity of explaining her views on the subject of love, which, according to her philosophy, is an agreeable and delightful servant, but a most tyrannical master, and as such not to be tolerated. The question of reciprocity does not trouble her. If she loves, that is sufficient; and so much the worse for the loved one if he does not equally love her. The German poet who declares that though a man may once in his life love without having his passion returned, yet that he who does so a second time is a fool at whom "sun and moon and stars" must laugh, and who must himself laugh even if his love kills him, would have met with but little sympathy from Carmen. She can be affectionate, devoted, and, for a time, constant: but if she ceases to love she will not affect a sentiment she no longer feels; and she sets her face absolutely against the importunities of unrequited affection, which for her has no meaning. She can understand a man's killing her for not accepting his love; but she will not allow herself to be wearied and worried on the subject of a mysterious passion which comes and goes and can neither be forced nor controlled. Her theory, or rather her temperament (for it is to her temperament that the theory imagined for her by the ingenious librettists is due) seems to place her at an advantage in her dealings with men. But though the love she feels is of the kind which Stendahl in his celebrated treatise calls "amour-goût," yet the love she inspires is that terrible "amour-passion" which may cause heroic actions and also great crimes. As for her external characteristics, they are completely in harmony with her mental and moral disposition. One can guess her probable actions from her appearance and demeanour as painted by Mérimée, or—what comes to the same thing—as exhibited on the stage by Miss Minnie Hauk, whose Carmen is a perfect realization of Mérimée's conception. If, for a moment, some one should suggest that the conduct of the captivating young gipsy does not bear the stamp of the purest morality, the idea, without being objected to, need not have more attention paid to it than it deserves. She is a beautiful, graceful, sympathetic sort of savage, with much that is lovable in her, or she would not inspire so much love.

In the first scene Carmen, after singing a very quaint Spanish song, which, being called "La Habanera," may possibly be of Havannese origin, retires with her lively, unbusinesslike companions to the cigar factory, stabs one of them, as already mentioned, and is forthwith taken charge of by some dragoons who are doing the duty of police. The captain orders his men to fasten her hands together. But, as she has already enslaved the heart of the soldier appointed to watch her, this precaution avails nothing. In the prettiest manner possible she makes José, the dragoon in question, admit that he loves her, sings him a very engaging air in the Spanish style, and then appeals to him to set her free. Without much hesitation he consents. But when the guard appears in order to take her off to prison, she reassumes the handcuffs, and slipping them off as if by accident, disappears as the curtain falls on a very lively first act.

The second act, however, is still livelier. Here the scene is laid in a tavern, where gipsies are singing, dancing, and playing the guitar, while officers are listening, applauding, and making love to them. Carmen will have nothing to say to anyone. She is thinking of José, who, for allowing her to escape, has had to undergo two months' imprisonment. Suddenly José appears. Carmen sings to him, when in the midst of her song the recall is heard. The unfortunate dragoon, not yet altogether demoralized, thinks of going back to barracks; but when Carmen tells him tauntingly to do so, and hints that he had better leave her altogether, he resolves to stay. For the attentions of José's officers she cares nothing; and she equally rejects the advances made to her by a famous bull-fighter, Escamillo by name, who tries to please her by singing in a loud voice a tune which, in a distigured shape, he has borrowed from the beautiful melody of the *finale* of the third act of *Ernani*. Carmen loves no one but José, and if José does not love her in return so much the worse for him. But José is deeply enamoured of her and agrees to go with her to the mountains, and there lead the life of a smuggler. The part of José is played by Signor Campanini, that of Escamillo, the bullfighter, by Signor del Puente. Both these characters are well sustained. So, also, is that of a virtuous peasant girl, impersonated by Mdle Valleria. The peasant girl, Michaela by name, is a sort of Alice, who comes to José with news of his mother, and urges him in somewhat conventional strains to quit the gipsies and return to his home, when all will be forgotten. José does not quite see the force of these arguments, until at last his mother being at the point of death, he goes back to his family. Carmen meanwhile has become tired of a man who is neither good nor bad, and on his departure takes up with the bold bull-fighter. This occurs at the end of the third act. At the beginning of the fourth José reappears, and is now ready to follow Carmen to the uttermost end of the earth. But Carmen no longer loves him, and she tells him so. A bull-fight, moreover, is taking place; and when the air of the bull-fighter

(vulgarized from Verdi) is shouted forth from the arena, José sees that this song of triumph fills Carmen's heart with joy. Thereupon he stabs her, calling her his "adored Carmen;" and when the victorious Escamillo appears to receive her congratulations and embraces she is dead.

Carmen is a stirring opera, full of movement and variety, for which a long life and a merry one may safely be predicted. The score would perhaps have been none the worse for a little more music of the *cantabile* kind. But the wayward impetuous heroine is not the sort of young lady whom one can fancy singing *scenas* in set form, with introductory recitative, *andante*, and *cabaletta*; and the work as it stands is doubtless what the composer, as well as the authors, intended it to be. By its style it belongs neither to musical comedy nor to *opéra bouffe*. But it reminds one more of *La Périochole* than of the *Marriage of Figaro*; and a clever actress with a nice voice and some power of singing with expression, while quite unable to undertake the part of Susanna or of the Countess, might possibly achieve a success as *Carmen*. This implies no disparagement of Miss Minnie Hauk, who is a finished vocalist, capable of doing justice to the music of the greatest composers. But *Carmen* is a character which makes more urgent demands on the acting than on the singing powers of its representative; and, if Miss Hauk sang less admirably than she in fact does, her impersonation of the warm-hearted, passionate, capricious, fascinating, and most original gipsy girl would reconcile her audience to any such deficiency, or rather would render them unable to perceive it. Her *Carmen* is nothing less than a perfect embodiment of a very bright artistic creation. She enters into the spirit of the character, lives it, and is never anything but *Carmen* from *Carmen*'s first entry until her tragic end. Her look, gestures, walk, general air, and demeanour all belong to one another and to the part. Signor Campanini showed much dramatic power as the infatuated soldier, especially in the very effective final scene; and Signor del Puente was sufficiently animated as the toreador. But *Carmen* is the life and soul of the opera; and it is to Miss Minnie Hauk's impersonation of a character which suits her as though she had been created for the express purpose of playing it that the success of this very Spanish, very Bohemian work will mainly be due.



MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—Well, Drinkwater, what do you think of the article I have recited?

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—Admirable—I shall read both *Carmen* and *Colomba*.

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—Nevertheless, Mr Shaver Silver is wrong about the vulgarisation of Verdi.

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—No, he isn't.

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—I say he is.

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—All right. Shall we liquor up?

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—By all means. Shall I pay?

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—By all means.

[Exeunt to Duke and Eoot.

A DISAPPOINTED TOUR PARTY.

Some time since certain members of the company at the Royal Operahouse, including Mdle Lilli Lehmann and Herr Betz, set out with Herr Conrad Behrens, the latter in the double character of fellow-artist and *impresario*, on a professional tour through Sweden and Norway. The party was further increased by Mdle Harder, and Herr Pönitz, the harpist. Fate was not favourably inclined. Scarcely had they announced their first concert at Gothenberg, ere they issued a counter notification to the effect that "on account of unforeseen obstacles" the entertainment would not take place. This was the end of the tour, and the artists returned forthwith to Berlin. The King of Sweden, who heard them at Stockholm, has sent each of the ladies a locket set in apricot diamonds, and each of the gentlemen an egg plum diamond pin. DR BLIDGE.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

At the Grand Opera, the engagement of M. Manoury expires on the 15th August, and will not be renewed.—At the Opéra-Comique, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* has been revived for the *débuts* of MM. Bertin and Dalis, both successful. M. Bertin, from the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, has a pleasing voice, and his ability as an actor is undoubted. M. Dalis was, not very long ago, at the Odéon. He proved an excellent Marquis de Corey, and is an acquisition for M. Carvalho. As Madeleine, Mdle Ducasse merited the applause she received.—A few evenings since, Mdle Granier was, owing to indisposition, replaced by Mme Blanche Miroir in *Le Petit Duc*, but recovered sufficiently to resume her part the next evening. M. Ch. Lecocq's last work continues as attractive as ever, and the receipts at each performance reach the maximum: 5,500 francs. Under the circumstances, it would be unwise to change the bill, and M. Koning, instead of alternating *Le Petit Duc* with *La Reine Indigo* and *La Tsigane*, has concluded an agreement with M. Comte, in virtue of which the two works of Johann Strauss will be represented at the Bouffes-Parisiens by the artists of the Renaissance, headed by Mdle Zulmar Bouffar.—Called upon to select the recipient of a bequest of 3,000 francs for the best comic opera produced within the last three years, the Académie have decided in favour of M. Guiraud, composer of *Piccolino*.—Liszt has returned to Pesth. It is said he will give concerts here in September, but no one believes it.—The orchestra from the Scala, Milan, have produced a very favourable impression at the Trocadéro. The programme of the first concert contained only works by Italian composers, with the exception of Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus* and that to the *Carnaval Romain* of Hector Berlioz. With regard to these two works, Sig. Francesco Faccio, the well-known conductor at the head of the orchestra, writes thus:—

"First, I wished to present the orchestral compositions of our great masters, from Boccherini to Verdi, and then to make the public acquainted with the works of our young composers, or of such at least displaying promise and meriting encouragement. I also desired to introduce my orchestra to the cosmopolitan public of Paris in some classical pieces without distinction of time, school, or nationality; and for this reason I placed in my programme the great name of Beethoven, together with, as a mark of homage to our French hosts, that of Berlioz, their most illustrious symphonist."

M. Cheri Montigny's funeral was attended by MM. Sardou, Augier, and Doucet, and a crowd of dramatic authors, actors, and actresses.—Mdle Sanz, the eminent Italian singer, has been thrown out of her carriage in the Bois de Boulogne, and seriously injured.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recital by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 27th:—

Overture, <i>Gutenber</i>	J. L. Hatton.
Andante from the Violin Concerto	Mendelssohn.
Toccata, with Pedal Solo, in F major	Bach.
Fugue, in C major (The Bell Fugue)	W. R. Bezfield.
Andante from the First Symphony	Beethoven.
Schiller March	Meyerbeer.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 29th:—

Grand March, in D major, Op. 40	Schubert.
Andantino, in E flat major	Th. Salomé.
Organ Sonata, No. 1, in F minor	Mendelssohn.
Romanza, "Disperso il crin"	Meyerbeer.
Barcarolle from the Fourth Concerto	Sir. W. S. Bennett.
Finale—Allegro Vivace, in C major	H. Smart.

THE ABBATE FRANZ LISZT ON THE MUSIC OF THE TZIGANES.

If we would analyse the music of the Tziganes*—if we would decompose, dissect, and dismember it—so as to form a judgment on its contexture and compare it with our own, the first thing we must do would be to show clearly what in the first place distinguishes it from the latter; and we should have, consequently, to mention its system of modulation, based on a negation, as it were, of any system at all. The Tziganes know no more about dogmas, laws, rules, and discipline in music than in anything else. Everything for them is good and permissible, provided it pleases them. They recoil from no act of daring in music, if it only agrees with their daring instincts and if they only see in it a faithful picture of their nature; Art being, as far as they are concerned, neither a science to be acquired, nor a trade to be carried on, nor a calling of skill to be exhibited with certain forms and expedients, nor a magic charm, of which we may obtain the formula, as we might a recipe—Art being, as far as they are concerned, a sublime language, a mystic song—clear, however, to the initiated—they employ it according to the exigencies of what they have to say, and do not allow themselves to be swayed in their mode of speech by any extraneous influence. They invented their own music, and they invented it for their own use, to speak in it and sing in it to each other, and to hold with one another the most confidential and most touching monologues. How is it to be supposed they would infuse in it principle and propriety when they allow such things nowhere else? They have a primitive gamut and a primitive language, and never displayed religious and sincere respect for the preservation of aught else. They do not subject musical material to any precept, particularly as regards the mutual relations of tones. That which, beyond aught else, gains over the listener to their music is the freedom and richness of its rhythms, their multiplicity and their suppleness, to be found in the same degree nowhere else. These rhythms are varied to infinity; they are interwoven and intertwined; they are heaped one on the other; they assume a host of different gradations and expressions, from the most savage violence to the most lulling *dolcezza* and the gentlest *amorando*; from martial spirit to the most skipping dance-measure; from the pace of a triumphal march to that of a funeral procession; from the round dance of the Willis in the meadow and beneath the light of the moon to the Bacchic songs prolonged until the dawn. The manner in which these rhythms follow each other—the manner in which they are connected and interlaced—is marvellously well adapted to awaken in our mind poetic images. They are all characteristic, all full of fire, suppleness, dash, undulation, spirit, and fantastic freaks; sometimes mordant, like an amorous challenge, and sometimes sighed out like a plaintive and confidential confession; as impetuous as the gallop of a thoroughbred, or as careless and joyous as the frisking of a little bird in the sunshine; babbling and rapid like the prattle of a group of girls, or spurred and panting like the assault of cavalry taking a redoubt. These rhythms are as flexible as the branches of a weeping-willow, which bend beneath the evening breeze; their rule is to have no rule; they are generally characterized by a frank air and frank colouring. We do not find in them the trepidation, the reflection, full of hesitation and trouble, peculiar to the rhythms of the waltz or of the mazurka. But, on the other hand, their diversity is infinite, and sometimes remind us of the varied leaps and inflexions of Asclepiads, with their unequal mode of progression.

It is impossible to dwell too strongly on the rare beauties resulting from this richness of rhythm and the importance we must assign it in judging Bohemian music. We know no other music from which European art might learn so much about fertility of rhythmical invention and its appropriate employment. The reader will, by the way, have no difficulty in understanding this diversity, if he considers that the Bohemian reproduces the intensity of passion with which he delivers himself up to very opposite, and frequently contradictory impressions, within a very restricted period, owing to his mode of life, which brings him in continual contact with the ever-changing aspects of nature, while other nations are impelled to reproduce in art only the one passion, the one sentiment, and the one phase of the soul, which predominates among them.

* *Teutonic*: Zigenner; *Italian*: Zingari; and *Anglic*: Gipsies.

He whom all agree in regarding as the last of the Tziganes types, the best known, the most liked, and the most popular hero of Bohemian virtuosity, was Bibary, who was born in the countship of Raab, and died in 1827, aged fifty-eight. We can still recollect seeing and hearing him. The masculine beauty of his person presented all the distinctive traces of his race. We cannot describe the imperious fascination he exercised, when, with an air of carelessness, at once absent and melancholy, and contrasting with the apparent kindness and joviality of his disposition, and the vivacity of the glance with which he sounded the soul of his auditor, he took his violin and played for hours together, forgetting that time flowed on with the cascades of sounds, dashing down with choleric crash, or gliding like some gentle murmur over the velvet sward. We were not such a child, when, in 1822, we heard this great man among Bohemian virtuosos, as not to be so struck by him as to preserve a faithful remembrance of his inspired strains, which percolated into our soul, like some exciting and generous vital juice. On subsequently calling to mind his performances, we ended by believing that the emotions we then experienced must have resembled the effects produced by one of the mysterious elixirs which the daring alchemists of the Middle Ages concocted in their secret laboratories. The notes, like the drops of a spirituous essence, were transfused from the magic violin into our spell-bound ear. Had our memory been a ductile glaze, and each note a diamond point, the notes would not have been impressed more firmly on it. If, by a magnetic overthrow of things, all our senses had been concentrated in our ear, we should not have seized more thoroughly the balsamic perfumes which appeared diffused throughout the music, or the sweat of blood which at other times seemed to be distilled through the player's bow.

Bibary carried to its climax the renown of Bohemian art. The Hungarian aristocracy had long patronised and exalted the latter, but at the period to which we refer it became, as it were, an integral part of the national system. It was in some degree an indispensable element in the obligatory ceremonial of the Diet of Presburg; it figured, in the character of national art, at the Coronation ball; and, in a word, was considered as one of the crown jewels, and as a source of patriotic pride. Between 1820 and 1830, Bibary conferred on it such lustre, that Vienna itself grew enthusiastic about it. The Court, on several occasions, sent for the band whom Bibary conducted; they played at several Imperial parties, and at several given by foreign ambassadors, including that at the English Embassy. Their concerts at various theatres were exceedingly popular and always well attended. It is even related that the Emperor, carried away on the wave of admiration, was inclined to confer exceptional favours on Bibary, who had particularly attracted the attention of the highest members of the Imperial family. When, however, his Majesty asked the musician what boon he should like from his sovereign, who was ready to ennoble him, Bibary disconcerted all the Imperial good intentions by asking for patents of nobility for all his band. Generous largesse for his own people; a pariah's rugged pride imposing conditions on his renunciation of poverty; or an ingenious subterfuge to escape a boon which grated on his independence—it was a fine trait!

F. Liszt.

MY WOOLING.*

(Impromptu for Music.)

There are tears within her soft eyes,
There are blushes on her cheek,
And her quivering lips are parted,
For the words she cannot speak.
And her little hands are trembling,
As I clasp them while I kneel,
Pleading for her heart's true answer
To mine's passionate appeal,
As I tell her how I cannot
Now e'er face my life again,
Without her to calm its fever,
Without her to soothe its pain—
How my very soul doth need her,
Its sweet angel guide to be!
Will she shadow all my future,
Or entrust her own to me?

* Copyright.

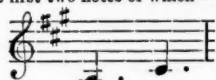
Hard and fast I plead in anguish
Of commingled hopes and fears;
For how dark, should she deny me,
Must be all the coming years!
Then I loose her hands a moment,
And, uprising from my knee,
Gaze into her bow'd face, seeking
There my answer, wistfully.

Ah! the love-light fills those dear eyes,
Tho' the rose still dyes her cheek,
And her lips refuse to utter
That she is too shy to speak!
But my darling has, tho' mutely,
Made her heart's true answer known,
And I bless her as I whisper,
"Mine! for evermore my own!"

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POLKAW.—Teach your grandmother to suck eggs, as Charles Reade said to Dion Bouicault, when they were writing a novel together. Your extracts are from the slow movement of Beethoven's immortal "106," the first two notes of which—



(added by Beethoven when the sonata was already in type) lay open a world.

SMITHERS GOLDFINCH.—Apply directly to Friar Liszt—that "comfortable friar." We cannot enlighten you.

DR EAGER.—The leading violinist at the first Monday Popular Concert—Feb. 14, 1859—was Henri Wieniawski.

DR SUCH.—Such is the case. Who don't understand Minnie Hauk's Carmen has never read, or, having read, don't understand the Carmen of Prosper Merimée. We pity that man. *Heu Canda!*

STEPHEN ROUND.—Roundabout discussion leads to nothing unless King Arthur is at the head of the Round Table, and Sir Galahad, son of Launcelot (*not* Parsifal), in the Siege Perilous. Ask Merlin.

DR BLUBBER.—Read Mr R. L. Stevenson's *Inland Voyage*, and then you will find it difficult to explain why a bargee should ever die. If we arrive at the age of ninety we shall at once take to the barge. Even Polkaw would do well to ponder this.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1878.

Old Double.



On 'Change.

DR SHIPPING.—Is Old Double dead?
 DR QUINCE.—No!
 DR S.—Oh!
 DR Q.—So!
 DR S.—They said he was!
 DR Q.—No!
 DR S.—Oh!
 DR Q.—So!
 DR S.—Does he mean to die?
 DR Q.—No!
 DR S.—So!
 DR Q.—Oh!

[Repeat severally.]

CHARLES MATHEWS is no more! When the words were first whispered from lip to lip—when they assumed material form in the various papers—the fact they conveyed was so unexpected that for a time it failed to obtain credence. What! Charles Mathews dead! Charles Mathews, who only a week or so previously had left Town for a tour through Lancashire, as well, apparently, and as full of spirits as ever! People refused to believe it. Many eminent public characters have ere this been prematurely killed, and enjoyed the satisfaction—or mortification, as the case might be—of reading their own obituary notices, and learning the opinion enter-

tained of them by their contemporaries. And such the public thought—or fondly tried to think—was the case on the present occasion. It is true that the celebrated artist was seventy-four by his baptismal certificate; but he was nothing of the sort, argued his friends, in bodily vigour and intellectual activity. True, too, he had been ill for some days at his hotel. What of that, however? He had caught a severe cold, but would soon be all right again. Alas! such hopes were destined to be shattered. Soon there was no room left for doubt. Death had indeed rung down the curtain for ever. Instead of the theatre, ablaze with light, and filled from pit to gallery with a joyous audience eager to welcome the popular actor; instead of exhilarating music, and laughter, and applause, and recalls, and the object of the manifestation enjoying it himself—aye, and the pieces, too, in which he sustained the leading characters—with as much zest as the youngest of all his admirers who then for the first time had exchanged the every-day world for the magic region seen behind the float, and whose delight was, may-be, equalled or exceeded by that of the grandfather who had treated the lad, and recollected "Charley! Lor bless you! Yes, when he first came out at the Olympic, in Wych Street. With Liston? Of course, and I shall never forget it"—instead of all this, there was a dark, silent room, and by the side of a bed two or three mourners bowed down with grief, and on the bed the cold, inanimate form of one whose name was a household word among all who felt interest in theatrical amusements—of one whose powers had for so many years so largely contributed to uphold the fame and add fresh lustre to the annals of the English stage. He expired about four o'clock of the afternoon on the 25th inst., of bronchitis. For a certain period of his illness he had been insensible, but recovered his consciousness before the end. Among those who telegraphed enquiries as to his condition were the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Such acts as these do more to consolidate a throne than all the blood-stained laurels ravaged from a once blooming country in the most Christian of campaigns.

We do not propose giving a biography of the Deceased nor discussing exhaustively his professional position and merit. For these details we refer the reader elsewhere. We shall confine ourselves in this instance to touching upon the most salient points in a singularly long and, from an artistic point of view, singularly successful career.

Charles James Mathews, whom we have just had the misfortune to lose, did not restrict his hatred of conventionalism merely to acting. He showed it in all he did, and never more so than in his utter disregard of the old parrot cry which gravely lays down the axiom that talent is never hereditary, and that clever fathers have never clever sons. Careless as to the prejudices he might shock or the susceptibilities he might wound, it was not very long after the year of his birth, 1803, ere he gave indications that the claims to infallibility of those who invented the axiom were open to doubt, while not much later he continued on the same reckless path, and proved that there was not the slightest doubt involved in the matter. A sort of modern Admirable Crichton, he seemed endowed with a natural aptitude for everything in which he took an interest. He certainly might not have distinguished himself in the Church, for which he was originally intended, but then the Church was not his own choice, and he gave it up for something more in harmony with his disposition. He thought he would be an architect, and was accordingly, in 1819, articled to Mr Pugin for four years. During this period, he evinced such unmistakable talent for acting, that his Father himself now urged him to go on the stage. Young Charles, however, objected and proceeded to Italy for the purpose of continuing his architectural studies and also of

devoting some time to painting, of which he was exceedingly fond. On his return to London, he set up as an architect, but did not remain here long. He revisited Italy, where he was elected a member of the Academies of Milan and Venice. Again he returned to England and was appointed architectural surveyor of the parish of Bow. Having become, in 1835, by his Father's death, part-proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre, he resigned his post as surveyor. On December 7th in the same year, he made his first public appearance as an actor. The event took place at the Olympic Theatre, under the management of Mad. Vestris, the pieces selected being *The Humped-backed Lover*, written by himself, and an "occasional" piece, *The Old and Young Stager*, due to the pen of Leman Rede, "The Old Stager," we may mention, was the inimitable Liston. In 1838, the subject of this short notice married Mad. Vestris, with whom he visited, professionally, America. He subsequently became manager of Covent Garden, and then of the Lyceum, but in 1855 he renounced for ever the cares of management. After the death of Mdme Vestris he once more went to America, and there, in 1858, married the present Mrs Mathews. Since then he extended the field of his professional exertions, and, in addition to England and the United States, numbered Australia, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, India, and France among the countries he subjugated by his histrionic ability.

As a light and eccentric comedian, Charles Mathews was unsurpassed, though not for the want of competitors, whom, by the way, he himself had created. One of the results of unusual excellence in any calling or pursuit is the creation of numerous rivals, who are at the same time imitators, without the frankness and honesty to confess it. But none of them could even come near their unacknowledged model. What other actor could approach him in *Used up*, *Patter versus Clatter*, *The Game of Speculation*, *He would be an Actor*, *My awful Dad*, and many more pieces. As a dramatic author, too, Charles Mathews achieved considerable reputation by various plays, both original and adapted. Nor must we conclude without mentioning that he was a good musician and an accomplished linguist. It is seldom that any one, save a native of France and Italy, speaks French and Italian as Charles Mathews spoke those languages.

The mocking Tallyrand once said in his cynical way: No man is missed. The saying has been repeated under every possible form and every imaginable circumstance. Again does Charles Mathews refute a universally received apophthegm. The void he has left will never be filled among those who have known him from the commencement of his public life, and watched him as he rose almost at a bound to the height of popularity, not the fleeting popularity of an hour, or a season, but the permanent popularity of nearly half a century. In the olden days, when a King of France died, the heralds announced the fact in the formula: "Le Roi est Mort! Vive le Roi!" When a King in Art dies, the formula would be devoid of sense. Charles Mathews is dead, but he leaves no successor. We mourn Him who has passed away, and know there is no one who can wield the sceptre which the great Leveler has torn from his grasp.

In consequence of the death of the Queen of Spain, the State Concert which was to be given by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in Buckingham Palace, is postponed.

M. ROUZAUD, the husband of Mad. Christine Nilsson-Rouzaud left London on Wednesday night, for Liverpool, intending to start for New York, in the "City of Berlin" (Inman's line), this day.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, one of the musical representatives of England at the Paris International Exhibition, has had twice, by express invitation, the honour of returning to England with the Prince of Wales, in His Royal Highness's special conveyance from Paris to London.—*Graphic*.

HERR WIENIAWSKI, the celebrated Polish violinist, is still in London. We don't hear half enough of his splendid playing. He is the Chopin of the fiddle.

Herr Grau has engaged Herr Rafael Joseffy for a four years' concert tour in America, to commence in September and to last four years. How is it that we have never heard this celebrated pianist in England?

In Georges Bizet France lost one who would have ranked among her greatest dramatic composers. It is a pity he did not live to see Minnie Hauk in Carmen. Had he done so, his next opera would surely have been *Colomba*.



It is rumoured that Mr Carl Rosa has accepted the post of acting manager at Her Majesty's Theatre, for the winter season of Italian Opera, during the absence of Mr Mapleson in America.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

AN evening concert took place at the Horns Assembly Rooms, Kennington Park, on Wednesday, June 19, the proceeds to be devoted to a fund for repairing the church of the "Sacred Heart," Camberwell Road. The artists were Miss José Sherrington (compelled to repeat Campana's "Birdie" and Cowen's "Spinning") and Madame Enriquez, who gave a new song by Ignace Gibsons, "Her Voice" (accompanied by the composer), which well merited the hearty "encore" it obtained. Mdme Enriquez, moreover, sang "She wore a wreath of roses," which, being also encoired, she substituted "Robin Adair." The other performances worthy mention were Mr Thorndike's "Bellringer" and Mr Keppel's flute solos. Mr Keppel was deservedly applauded and "recalled" after the "Tremolo." Miss Julia Muschamp played some pianoforte pieces with spirit and facility. Mr Glen Wesley conducted. An apology was made for the absence of Mr Vernon Rigby, on account of indisposition.—J. E.

MR CARL BOHRER (of the Royal Operahouses, Dresden and Stuttgart) gave his annual evening concert, at Langham Hall, under the immediate patronage of the Lady Georgina Codrington, the Lady Gwydyr, and Lord Henry Somerset. Mr Bohrer was assisted by Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Odoardo Barri, Miss Alice Fairman, Signors Urio, Odoardo Barri, and Mr Maybrick, vocalists; Herr Joseph Ludwig, violin; M. Albert, violoncello; Mr Oberthür, harp; Signor Tito Mattei, pianoforte; and Mr Marcellus Higge, organ. Mdme Anita Querol and Miss Sophia Hervey, advanced pupils of Mr Bohrer, also took part in the programme. Mr Carl Bohrer gave "Qui sdegno" (*Il Flauto Magico*) so well that he was compelled to repeat it, and his other solo, "Largo al factotum," was warmly applauded. Among other successful vocal pieces were the setting, by M. Saint-Saëns, of the "Night song to Preciosa" and Lady Lamb's "Rubini Valse," both sung by Mdme Sherrington and both encoired; and "Il Segreto per esser felice," by Miss Alice Fairman (also encoired); Signor Tito Mattei was equally fortunate with his fourth "Valse de Concert," which he was compelled to repeat. The concert was thoroughly enjoyed.

MR AND MRS FRANCIS RALPH (Miss Kate Roberts) gave the last of their second series of Classical Chamber concerts on Wednesday evening, June 28, in the concert room of the Royal Academy of Music. They were assisted by Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington (vocalist); MM. Jong, Zerbini, and Ould (instrumentalists). Schumann's Quintet in E flat (Op. 44) opened the concert; Brahms' Quartet in A minor (Op. 51, No. 2) began the second part, and the performance came to an end with Schubert's Trio in B flat (Op. 99). No one could find fault with so interesting and classical a selection; and when it is stated that every piece was well executed, our readers may easily believe that the concert was a genuine success. Mrs Ralph chose for her solo performance Chopin's Ballade in A flat, Mr Ralph selecting a Romance by Wilhelmj. Mdme Sherrington gave the "Night-song to Preciosa" of Saint-Saëns, and Sullivan's charming "Birds in the Night," which she was called upon to repeat. Mr Zerbini was the accompanist.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S CONCERT.

As a fitting pendant to our anticipatory remarks upon this concert, we have now to add that it came up to the most sanguine expectations. The hall was full. The *bénéficiaire* had a reception marked by appropriate evidence of the respect in which he is held, and the performance passed off with great success. Little in the proceedings called for criticism, and not much for record, the principal features being as familiar as long use could make them. But when we state, in briefest terms, that Mdme Patti sang her famous song, with accompaniment of two flutes, from *L'Etoile du Nord*, took part in the "Miserere" of *Il Trovatore*, with Signor Nicolini and chorus, and finished with Sir J. Benedict's "Rose of Erin," a good deal is implied. It means that the audience had a treat regarded by the vast majority as exquisite. So, too, when Mdme Albani gave "Quando il giorno," from *Paul and Virginia*, and followed on with "The Blue Bells of Scotland." So, too, in varied measure, when Mdme Scalchi, Mdme Synnerberg, Mdme Bertelli, M. Capoul, M. Maurel, Signor Graziani, and other leading operatic artists contributed of their best to the excellence of the concert. The vocal music was agreeably relieved by instrumental solos and concerted pieces, the most important of which were an Andante and Gavotte for violin, piano, and harp, from the concert-giver's own pen, and played by him in conjunction with M. Wieniawski and Mr John Thomas. Altogether, there were five pieces by Sir J. Benedict in the programme—a modest number, looking at the extent, variety, and importance of his works, but sufficient to assert, what, indeed, requires no assertion, that in him we still have a master left to us of the good old sort.—*Daily Telegraph*, June 24.

Sonnet.*

*Higher and higher than his highest flight
The lark soars upward in the evening sky,
To gaze upon the dying sun's last sigh
And drink the splendour of the mystic light.
Higher he soars and gazes with rapt sight,
'Til the reflected fire has left his eye;
Then does he fail, and, with a wild, low cry,
Falls earthward, wearied—sinks into the night.*

*So ends my trance upon that fading chord
Of sorrow too sublime for earthly plaint—
The sadness of a setting sun. I've soared
And seen far glory 'til my soul was faint
With longing: now I sink down like the lark,
The heaven unwon, to find the world all dark.*

* Bravissimo!—D. P.

Polkato.

DRESDEN.—Even while in progress of erection the Theatre Royal was partially insured. It is now, however, insured for its full value, 4,350,000 marks in fifteen different offices. The yearly premiums amount to 65,250 marks.

MR CLEMENT MARSHALL AND MR FRANK SCOTT.

(To the Editor of the "Theatre.")

In your number of June 19, there is a paragraph which professes to treat of an "exciting scene at the Olympic Theatre." The paragraph states: "Mr Frank Marshall and Mr Clement Scott had a lively altercation in the lobby, and at one time it seemed likely that words would be followed by blows. The ill-feeling, it is understood, was caused by the manner in which Mr Scott had spoken in *Piccadilly* of Mr Marshall's last comedy, *Family Honour*."



I beg to say that your informant has much exaggerated what really took place. I addressed a question to Mr Clement Scott with regard to the quotations given in his article on *Vanderdecken*; he didn't allow me to finish my sentence, but accused me of having "cut him" on a recent occasion. I assured him that he was mistaken. The fact is that I had never met Mr Scott since the production of my play, *Family Honour*, at the Aquarium, and until the first night of *Elfinella*, on Thursday, 13th June; I had no opportunity of speaking to him then. We did not meet again until the next Saturday at the Lyceum, the first night of *Vanderdecken*. I was in a hurry then, and may have answered his salutation

hastily, but I was certainly guilty of no intentional rudeness. We did not meet again until the next Monday, at the Olympic, when the scene which your paragraph professes to describe took place. I can only say, for my part, that I was astonished at the reception with which Mr Clement Scott met my question to him; but I must beg to deny most forcibly that in what passed between us it was ever "likely that words would be followed by blows." Mr Clement Scott and I have been friends for many years, and I hope we shall continue so. Whatever vexation I may have felt with regard to his criticism on my last piece, I am sure that he never intended to be either ungenerous or unjust; and I am equally sure that he knows me too well to mistake any *brusquerie* of manner for intentional rudeness. He was acting upon the occasion to which you have referred under an honest misconception, and I under an equally honest feeling of astonishment.

F. A. MARSHALL.

40, Loundes Street, S. W., June 24.

OXFORD COMMEMORATION.

The festivities of Commemoration at Oxford commenced with a concert in the Sheldonian Theatre by the Oxford Philharmonic Society, to whose energetic action too much praise cannot be accorded. A fine orchestra from London, Mr Burnett being *chef d'attaque*, had been engaged, and the performance commenced with a Festival March, conducted by the composer, Herr Henschel, performed for the first time in England, which was received with much favour. It was followed by the "Song of the Vikings," for chorus and orchestra, by Mr Eaton Fanning, directed by Mr Taylor, conductor of the Philharmonic Society, likewise greatly applauded. The first part ended with a performance of Mozart's *Fantasia in F minor*, on the new organ, by Mr Parrott (encored). The second part consisted of Signor Alberto Randegger's popular cantata, *Fridolin*, conducted by the composer. The manifold merits of this have been on several occasions dwelt upon, and it is only necessary to record its entire success on the occasion of its first production in Oxford. The principal parts were entrusted to Miss Emma Thursby, Mr Barton McGuckin, Herr Henschel, and Sig. Brocolini. With so capable a quartet ample justice was done to Signor Randegger's dramatic and melodious music, while great praise is due to the chorus, made up chiefly of amateur ladies and gentlemen residing in Oxford and the neighbourhood, who gave evidence that they had duly profited by the efforts of Mr Taylor, during frequent rehearsals, to ensure an excellent rendering. The theatre was crowded, and the Philharmonic Society has never had a more successful concert. Signor Randegger was heartily congratulated at the close of the cantata.—D. T.

Mdme Marianne Brandt, Herr Scharwenka, pianist, and Herr Grinfeld, violoncellist, are making a concert tour through the Rhine Provinces.

STOCKHOLM.—An artistic phenomenon, Henri Demerose, eleven years of age, has been delighting the public in some thirty concerts. He is a pupil of Léonard's. Having been heard at the Pasdeloup concerts in Paris by a Swedish *impresario*, M. Theodor Hermann, he was engaged for a concert tour through Sweden.

MINNIE HAUKE'S CARMEN.



The opera is called *Carmen*, and it is all Carmen. She is the central figure, and to her and from her all the interest centres and radiates. Taking, therefore, into mind the weight of responsibility the performance of such a part entails upon the representative, it was well it should have been assigned to so clever a singer and actress as Mdlle Minnie Hauke. Her representation of the character is one of the most remarkable things seen upon the stage within the present decade. It is perhaps almost the first operatic character with any marked or especial individuality, and no one but an actress of particular genius could have created or sustained the part. The nature of the character, requiring the exercise of peculiar talents, could only be sustained by one who would devote a special amount of study to it; and although columns might be, and probably in one way or another will be, written about the excellence of her performance and the effect of its various phases upon the sensibilities of the audience, no higher praise can be given to it than to say that it was so far a perfect realisation, not only of the part in the opera, but also a concentration of the more extended character as shown in Prosper Mérimée's novel, and that whoever plays the part elsewhere need not desire a better or more perfect model than Mdlle Minnie Hauke. The style in which she sang the quaint gipsy-like melodies, her dancing, her castanet playing, each and all so good and graceful, proved how much well-directed attention she had given to the part. It was therefore no wonder that she exercised over the minds of her audience so great a fascination as she, as Carmen, had employed with such effect upon the hapless José.

Rarely has an opera been so well or so perfectly mounted or rehearsed with such care as to secure an almost faultless representation on the first night; rarely has such brilliant and dashing music been presented to an admiring audience from an unexpected source; and still more rarely has it been the good fortune of opera patrons to be delighted with the exhibition of such piquant and fascinating histrionic talent as shown by Mdlle Minnie Hauke in the part of Carmen.—*Morning Post*, June 24.

Here, as throughout the opera, Mdlle Hauke was admirable, both as vocalist and actress. The part is a difficult one to realise dramatically, and the lady named succeeded thoroughly in delineating its coquettish vanity and heartless levity, while yet steering clear of any approach to undue flippancy or coarseness.—*Daily News*, June 25.

The performance was, on the whole, admirable. Mdlle Minnie Hauke looked and acted the part of Prosper Mérimée's heroine to the life, and sang with as much effect as her means would permit, the character evidently having been destined for a mezzo-soprano, and the music generally lying too low for Mdlle Hauke's voice. Carmen, however, is a rôle which demands an actress rather than a singer—though, of course, the vocal ability is needed—and the young *prima donna* displays every aptitude for its representation. There were many instances of artistic perception which we might par-

ticularise, save that to do so would be to extend our remarks beyond their proper limits. Mdlle Hauke scored a decided success, and it will not be forgotten who it was who first introduced M. Bizet's heroine to the English public.—*Standard*, June 24.

Already we can praise much, beginning with the Carmen of Mdlle Hauke, who found scope for her full energies and the means of exhibiting her greatest powers. In the earlier scenes the wayward, wilful, half-savage nature of the gipsy girl was admirably shown, while always the artist brought to the character an intelligent perception of its requirements. Her singing left but little to desire, and Mdlle Hauke must be congratulated upon having, under serious disadvantages, made another step in advance.—*Daily Telegraph*, June 24.

BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

The season at the Royal Operahouse, brought to a premature close by the last attempt on the Emperor's life, ended with a performance of *Fidelio*. From the 24th August, 1877, to the 14th June, 1878, there were 223 purely operatic performances, in addition to the performances of dramas, such as *Preziosa*, *Der Verschwender*, &c., with original music of their own. The 223 performances comprised fifty-five works by thirty different composers. The novelties were *Der Landfriede*, three acts, Brüll; and *Die Offiziere der Kaiserin*, four acts, Wüerst. Annexed is a list of the operas given and of the number of times each was performed: Thirteen times, *Lohengrin*; ten times, *Tannhäuser*, *Der Landfriede*; eight times, *Il Trovatore*; seven times *Fidelio*, *Das goldene Kreuz*, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*; six times, *Die Maccabäer*, *Rigoletto*, *Titus*, *Don Juan*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Der Freischütz*, *Les Huguenots*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *La Muette de Portici*, *Le Maçon*; five times, *Die Offiziere der Kaiserin*, *Le Prophète*, *Faust*, *Die Zauberflöte*; four times, *Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *L'Africaine*, *Oberon*, *Martha*, *Stradella*; three times, *A-ing-fo-hi*, *Iphigenie in Tauris*, *Aida*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Fernand Cortez*, *Così fan Tutte*, *Constance*, *Belmonte*, *La Sonnambula*, *Robert-le-Diable*, *La Juive*; twice, *Cesario*, *Genoveva*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Lucia*, *La Traviata*, *Templer und Jüdin*, *Le Porteur d'Eau*, *Joseph*; once, *Die Fälschung*, *Euryanthe*, *Rienzi*, *Norma*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Il Barbiere*, *Hamlet*, *Das Nachtlager in Granada*, *Bon Soir*, *Sig. Pantalón*. The following list shows how many performances and how many works each composer contributed: 1, R. Wagner, 33 performances, 5 works; 2, Mozart, 29, 6; 3, Verdi, 19, 4; 4, Meyerbeer, 18, 4; 5, Brüll, 17, 2; 6, Auber, 13, 3; 7, Weber, 11, 3; 8, Flotow, 8, 2; 9, Wüerst, 8, 2; 10, Beethoven, 7, 1; 11, Adam, 7, 1; 12, Rubinstein, 6, 1; 13, Donizetti, 6, 2; 14, Gounod, 5, 1; 15, Nicolai, 5, 1; 16, Bellini, 4, 2; 17, Gluck, 3, 1; 18, Rossini, 3, 2; 19, Spontini, 3, 1; 20, Halévy, 3, 1; 21, Schumann, 2, 1; 22, Taubert, 2, 1; 23, Méhul, 2, 1; 24, Boieldieu, 2, 1; 25, Cherubini, 2, 1; 26, Marschner, 2, 1; 27, Kretschmer, 1, 1; 28, Thomas, 1, 1; 29, Kreutzer, 1, 1; 30, Grisar, 1, 1. Herr Beck, who has seceded from the Royal Operahouse, has been singing as a "guest," i.e., fulfilling a short engagement, at Kroll's, where Mdlle Marion, who sometime since produced a favourable impression at the Royal establishment which Herr Beck has just quitted, has proved a great attraction.—A concert was given at the Singacademie, by Mmes Jachmann-Wagner and Mallinger, for the benefit of the coachman Richter, who fared so badly in Nobiling's attempt on the Emperor's life. Despite the high prices of admission, the hall was tolerably filled. The two ladies were warmly greeted on their appearance. Mdlles Lilli Lehmann, Marie Lehmann, Minna Lammert, and Herr Ernst contributed from *Die Götterdämmerung* the scene where Siegfried visits the Daughters of the Rhine, while Mmes Mallinger, Jachmann-Wagner, Herren W. Müller, Bollé, and Oberhauser combined their powers with such good effect in the quintet from the *Meistersinger* that it had to be repeated. The instrumentalists were Herren Mannstädt and Rehfeld. Herr Eckert officiated as conductor.—The Directorship of Stera's Vocal Association, lately conferred on Herr Max Bruch, was first offered to Herr Robert Radecke, Royal *Capellmeister*, who was unable to obtain the Royal sanction.

The annual Congress of German Cither Players will be held at Nuremberg from the 24th to the 27th August.

M. Franz Neruda, brother of Mdme Norman-Neruda, has been created, by the King of Denmark, Knight of the Dannebrog.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The following gentlemen will act as principal examiners at the Higher Examinations for diplomas, to commence on Thursday, July 4:—

Harmony, Henry Smart, Esq.
Counterpoint, Sir John Goss, Mus. D.
Choir Management and Musical History, B. Agutter, Mus. B.
Musical Exercises, G. M. Garrett, Mus. D.
Solo-Singing, Sir Julius Benedict.
Organ, E. J. Hopkins, Esq.
Pianoforte, C. E. Stephens, Esq.

Nearly one hundred candidates have entered for the Examination. For the Trinity College Local Musical Examinations held on the 14th inst., the enormous number of 1,667 candidates entered, being 549 in excess of the return of last year.

THE KENNEDY FAMILY.

The Kennedy Family are successfully concluding a series of concerts at Steinway Hall which have extended over a month. The programmes have contained the choicest Scottish songs of every description. Mr Kennedy has evinced all his well-known ability, whether in song or anecdote. The junior members of the family have also given able assistance in song and glee. As we mentioned last week, the "Burns" and "Jacobite" nights attracted the largest and most enthusiastic audiences. It was the boast of Burns that he was content to write for his country alone; and although his name has become a household word in every land, it must be very difficult for those not reared in Scotland to thoroughly understand the language of his immortal verse. "A Nicht wi' Burns" is always a grand night with the Kennedys, and so is a "Nicht wi' the Jacobites;" and the enthusiasm created is always so intense as to lead one to suppose that, were another Prince Charlie to appear, he would even now find a following. In Mr Kennedy and his family we seem to have prototypes of every description—Jacobite, Highland, and Lowland. "Bonnie Dundee" characteristically opens the campaign in 1689; the "Standard on the braes o' Mar" is unfurled. "Wha wadna fecht for Charlie" is responded to by the thousands who gather round the standard of the Prince. They march into England, retreat from Derby, and in 1745 we have their final overthrow at Culloden. That Mr Kennedy is *facile princeps* of Scottish vocalists and entertainers has been attested by the universal suffrage of his countrymen both at home and abroad. In the war-song of Scotland, "Scots wha hae," he is unsurpassed; and he is equally successful in the recital of Burns' masterpiece, "Tam o' Shanter." Mr Kennedy seems to revel in the Jacobite effusions, and the songs allotted to his care he sings *con amore*. Nothing could equal his stirring delivery of "Wha wadna fecht for Charlie," or could be more natural than his portrayal of a Highlandman's contempt for George I., as set forth in the "Wee, wee, German Lairdie." To particularize every song would be superfluous. Let this suffice, that whatever Mr Kennedy essays, he executes with the masterly touch of a consummate and experienced artist. The glees, as rendered by the family, are a marked and prominent feature of the entertainment. Each and all are delivered with that precision of attack, attention to light and shade, and delicate chromatic colouring which only long, assiduous, and combined practice can attain. Messrs David and James Kennedy appeared in the dual capacity of vocalists and composers, and met with much success in the songs, "Sound the Slogan" and "The Carrier Lad." Other new compositions were also introduced, viz., "Dark Loch-nagar" (music by J. C. Rait), "Jeanie Morrison" (music by W. Henderson), "Let the shadows fall behind thee" (words by W. Henderson and music by J. C. Rait), and were favourably received by the auditory. Mr Robert Kennedy, who restricted himself to the old standard songs, at once ingratiated himself by his admirable singing as a staunch favourite with his patrons. The reel and strathspey playing and the solo singing of the Misses Kennedy, are worthy of great commendation. The family leave London on Saturday for Edinburgh to enjoy a short and well-earned repose.

TO DR DAY.

DEAR DR DAY,—What did you mean in your conversation with Dr Night? What was the Princess Doolgoorooki the cause of? She is mystified, and wants to see "as from a tower the end of all." You need not trouble to write and explain, but do so *à la voce* when we assemble at the North Star Hotel, so well conducted by Hostess Adelina, where I have a rendezvous with Dishley Peters, Septimus Win3, Otto Beard, Abraham Sadoke Silent, Groker Roores, Ephraim Bullock, Paul Moist, Lavender Pitt, Dr Shark, &c.—Your devoted,
ELENA DOOLGOOROOKI.

I Cry from Dumbarton.



Stilly, Stilly,
Willy, Nilly!

Who's to go to Glasgow?
Best from the West?
Or Weist from the East?

Bulow won't go,
As you well know.
Therefore, Stilly,
Don't be silly.

A. S. S.
Will not take less
Than Bulow had.

'Tis very sad,
But can't be mended;
So I recommended
Weist of the Hill,

Whose name's Weist Hill—

The best conductor in Lon don.

Now take no rest

Till you find the best,

Or your Glasgow Concerts are undone.

Groker Roores.

PROVINCIAL.

ABERDEEN.—Mlle Corani has been playing the heroine of Flotow's *Martha* with great success. The *Daily Free Press* says:—"She played the part gracefully and pleasingly, and sang with taste and expression. Her rendering of 'The Last Rose of Summer' was enthusiastically applauded, and she was unanimously called upon to repeat it."

LIVERPOOL.—There was a good attendance in the Lecture Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association on Saturday afternoon, June 22, when the pupils of Mr J. J. Monk gave a concert. The instrumental and vocal compositions were all more or less well rendered, each performer being anxious to do credit to their instructor. The result was general satisfaction. Mr Monk played, among other pieces, a fantasia by Wely on airs from *Guillaume Tell*, which obtained unanimous applause. The performers, altogether, were of real promise.

MUNICH.—A correspondent of the *Berliner Neue Musik-Zeitung* writing from here says:—"Wagner's *Siegfried* has proved a great success. The Second Day of the *Nibelungen Trilogie* made heavy demands upon the representatives of the principal parts and upon the orchestra, but those demands were brilliantly satisfied. Herr Vogel highly distinguished himself in the character of the hero, Mlle Vogl as Brünnhilde, Herr Reichmann as Wotan, Herr Schlosser as Mime, Herr Kindermann as Fafner, and Herr Mayer as Alberich, being also well up in their parts. Mlle Schulze, a newly-engaged contralto, as Erda, however, was vocally inefficient, nor did Mlle Seyler impart full significance to the Forest Bird. The orchestra, under the direction of Herr Levi, Royal Chapelmaster, found, in the recall of that gentleman, appropriate recognition. The new scenery, painted by Herren Doll and Jank, deserves favourable mention."

FOURTH CRY FROM THE CONCERT-ROOM.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

Sir,—Can you help in putting down another nuisance—namely, the stentorian and blatan powers of our modern orchestra, more especially in the performance of oratorio? The orchestra is certainly only intended to be an accompaniment to the voices on such occasions, but how often does it drown everything else, making solo-singing and chorus a mere dumb show. The other day at Exeter Hall the chorus was apparently doing its duty, but the voices frequently were quite inaudible, owing to the din of the so-called accompaniment. If it had not been irritating it would have been ridiculous. Who is responsible for this great mistake in musical art? Surely Sir M. Costa cannot like mere noise; and if he thinks it is pleasing to the musical public, I can assure him he is mistaken. I should like to know what chorus and solo singers have to say on the subject. If there is no remedy for this state of things, I suggest that there be two performances of an oratorio, one for the orchestra alone and the other for the voices. This would be as sensible as the present arrangement, for in these days the greater part of an oratorio performance is, in fact, a grand exhibition of unnecessary power by the band alone.—Yours truly,

FRANCIS BRYANS, B.A.

Whitehall, Cheshire, June 18.

["A grand exhibition of unnecessary power" is super-magnificent. When will amateurs purge themselves of the *cacoethes scribendi*?—Groher Roores.]

Nemo Solus Sapit.

Dr Fox.—I have been reading *The Times*.

Dr Goose.—So have I. There have been some excellent letters from amateurs.

Dr Fox.—On politics?

Dr Goose.—No—music.

Dr Fox.—What about?

Dr Goose.—One treats of oratorio, and condemns "overpowering orchestras."

Dr Fox.—That is his expression?

Dr Goose.—That is his expression.

Dr Fox.—What remedy does he propose?

Dr Goose.—A capital remedy. He proposes that there shall be "two performances of an oratorio, one for the orchestra alone and the other for the voices."

Dr Fox.—Alone, too?

Dr Goose.—Alone, too. I like the idea. I should go for the voice-performance.

Dr Fox.—I don't like the idea. I should go for the orchestra-performance. There are wise-acres upon the earth!

Dr Goose.—The correspondent is a Bachelor of Arts—

Dr Fox.—And a wag. He speaks of the "stentorian and blatan powers of our modern orchestras." Now the voice of Stentor (so I was told by Teucer Ajax and Tydides) was as the voice of 50 men,

with many winds and waters; therefore, "stentorian and blatan" makes tautology.

Dr Goose.—"Tautology" is good. But he adds, pertinently—"How often does the orchestra *drown* everything else, making solo singing and chorus a mere dumb show."Dr Fox.—I never yet *heard* a show, much less a dumb show.

Dr Goose.—But he adds—"if it had not been irritating, it would have been ridiculous."

Dr Fox.—So it must have been irritating. I shall talk to Sir Michael Costa about it. He will see that nothing shall be ridiculous, however irritating to those who know very little about anything.

Dr Goose.—Sir Michael will doubtless look to it. He will give his *Joseph*, first with the orchestra alone, then with the voices alone.Dr Fox.—If I know Sir Michael as I think I do, he will try the experiment upon another *Joseph*—George Alexander Macfarren's, for instance.

Dr Goose.—I shall attend the voice-performance, being a goose.

Dr Fox.—I shall attend the orchestra-performance, being a fox. I have made up my mind henceforth never to listen to an oratorio with voices and orchestra together.

Dr Goose.—The same reform might be carried out at the opera. How much better *Lohengrin* would sound without orchestra!Dr Fox.—I shall attend the orchestral performance, for in my opinion both opera and oratorio are better without voices. I have often wished to hear *The Messiah* without voices; it would be so much more touching.Dr Goose.—I have as often wished to hear *Elijah* without orchestra; it would be so much more soothing.

Dr Fox.—Come then and sup with me. We will drink to the health of "Francis Bryans, Esq., B.A., of Whitehall, Cheshire."

Dr Goose.—Dr Duck and Dr Turkey sup with me to night

Dr Fox.—Come all three?

Dr Goose.—Not by no means.

Dr Fox.—Shall I join you in your pen?

Dr Goose.—Not by no means.

[Exeunt unaccountably.]



MUMBO.—Massa Fox 'im know what 'im 'bout.

JUMBO.—Massa Goose 'im also know what 'im 'bout.

MUMBO.—Massa Fox 'im write dat article on 'Bella in paper?

JUMBO.—No. Massa Goose 'im write dat article. [Vanish.]



MAN WITH UMBRELLA.—No umbrellas, of course (reflectively).

Poor Arabella!

No umbrella.

Oh yes! Here's her parasol. I'll take it, sell it, and drink long life to her. I'd return it to her if I could afford, because, poor thing, she is reduced to Schuloff parings and Thalberg swipes; but I can't afford, and prefer to drink her health. So! (vanishes unexpectedly through the sky-light).

Thunder and Lightning.

VOICE OF MR AP' MUTTON (from the planet, Saturn).—I'd rather (lightning) live on Schuloff and Thalberg (thunder) parings and swipes though they be, than get fat and apopleptic on the spasmodic fare of Liszt and Co. Wouldn't you, Flossilde?

FLOSSILDE (kissing him).—Aye, my cherished Ap' Mutton—a thousand, thousand times! (Tremendous storm of lightning and thunder, monsoon, waterspout, and eruptions of every volcano within hearing).

WAIFS.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S CONCERT.—While writing of the Covent Garden company we must not omit to record that the principal singers have appeared in one of the most interesting of the annual concerts—that given for the benefit of Sir Julius Benedict. His life-long residence in England, and accession to most deserved honour at the hands of her Majesty, afforded us the gratification of ranking Sir Julius as an English musician; and the only regret possible on the occasion of his concert was that so small a selection was made from the number of his own compositions. In addition to artists bearing great and familiar names, a very youthful pianist of singularly advanced ability, Mdlle. Gemma Luziani, made a highly successful *début*.—*Standard*.

Mdme Mallinger will again become a member of the Royal Opera, Berlin.

W. Rust, of Berlin, is elected organist at the Thomaskirche, Leipzig.

The King of Portugal has conferred the Order of Christ on M. D Magnus.

Glinka's *Life for the Czar*, with a new libretto, is in preparation at Hanover.

Massenet's *Roi de Lahore* has been accepted at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

Kretschmer's new opera, *Heinrich der Löwe*, is to be produced next season in Breslau.

MM. F. Riga, Neumanns, and Joseph Servais, have received the cross of the Order of Leopold.

Wagner's *Siegfried* has been successfully produced at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

Mr Brinley Richards announces that the next and last concert for the season, of his pupils, will take place on Friday next, July 5.

The Norwich Musical Festival has been postponed for a month. The festival commences on Tuesday, Oct. 15. The Monday evening concert will not be given; otherwise the proceedings follow the ordinary course. Lord Suffield proposes to invite the Prince and Princess of Wales to pass the festival week at his seat at Gunton. Sir Julius Benedict will again conduct the festival, which he has done ever since 1845.

Mr Corney Grain has diversified the programme at St George's Hall by the introduction of a new musical sketch entitled *The Paris Exhibition*. In this clever composition he gives melodious and humorous illustration to the lighter and more laughable phases of Parisian life as they are supposed to have come under the artist's notice during a visit made recently to the French capital in the imaginary society of three comrades. All the incidents of the tour are sung or told with amusing drollery of voice and manner, and the sketches of a Gallic character and manners in their superficial aspects are spirited and truthful.

A movement has been set on foot for the presentation of a testimonial to Mr Peter Le Neve Foster, Secretary to the Society of Arts, upon the occasion of his completing his twenty-fifth year of service as chief executive officer. When Mr Foster became its secretary the society numbered only about 1,000 members. It now numbers about 4,000. During the period of Mr Foster's administration the society has successfully dealt with many important public questions, including those of elementary and technical education, patent and copyright law reform, international exhibitions, public health, Indian and colonial and other topics. Upon these grounds an appeal is made to the members of the society and the public for their co-operation. A committee has been formed, with Lord Hatherley as president.

A concert in aid of charity at the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, came to an end before it began, owing to an accident. 800 children from Liverpool day schools, "assisted by a powerful choir of adults," fell through a wooden platform erected on the top of the orchestra. The structure did not deign to remain standing until the performance commenced, but collapsed decisively, when the children took their places. Before the public were admitted, down came the platform with a crash, "the children *en masse* being carried along with it." By almost a miracle, no lives were lost; but the confusion was such for the moment that the concert had to be given up; and great was the relief when found that no one had been seriously injured. The platform consisted of twenty-four tiers of seats, and the principal supports, screwed into the orchestra, not more than an inch in thickness, broke, as any supports would break if weighted beyond their strength. Inquiry will be instituted, when it may perhaps be ascertained who was responsible. If the 800 children had been killed the affair might have assumed a serious aspect.

The opera, *Le Petit Duc*, which at the Philharmonic had but a short lease of life, has been reproduced at St James's Theatre with a more encouraging prospect of success. The music, by Charles Lecocq, belongs rather to the category of opera comique than to that of opera bouffe: and, as there is a likelihood of its being so considered in its new home, it may, as it ought to, meet with every success, for it is artistically conceived and carried out, and will please the musician as well as the mere lover of a tune. The characters are represented by those who have grown familiar with their peculiarities, and so a special amount of smoothness in the performance is the result. Miss Alice May plays the little Duke with all her wonted spirit. Mr Wingrove is the Montlandry, vigorous and dashing as heretofore. Miss Emma Chambers as the chief governess makes increasing humour out of her clever performance, and Miss Pierson, a new acquisition to the company, plays and sings with commendable point. The eccentric Frimousse is in the able hands of Mr J. D. Stoye, and, with a good band and chorus, and a spirited manager to direct all, in the person of Mr S. Hayes, *The Little Duke* deserves to live long and to become increasingly popular.

PERUGIA.—Count Rossi-Scotti has been again making presents of autographic manuscripts of the composer Morlacchi. Among the recipients are Pope Leo XIII.; the King of Spain; the Liceo Benedetto Marcello, Venice; the National School of Music, Madrid; the Royal Library, Turin; and the Victor Emmanuel Library, Rome.

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, Saturday, June 29, 1878.